

THE DAILY MIRROR, Saturday, January 22, 1916.

MONTENEGRO SHIFTS ITS CAPITAL TO FRENCH CITY

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

No. 3,821.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916

One Halfpenny.

PRINCE HENRY OF THE NETHERLANDS VISITS THE FLOODED AREA: BABY RESCUED BY A BOAT.

G. 348A.



Boats rowed about the country saving the people who were cut off, and here a woman and baby are seen being rescued. Note the sheep in one of the boats.

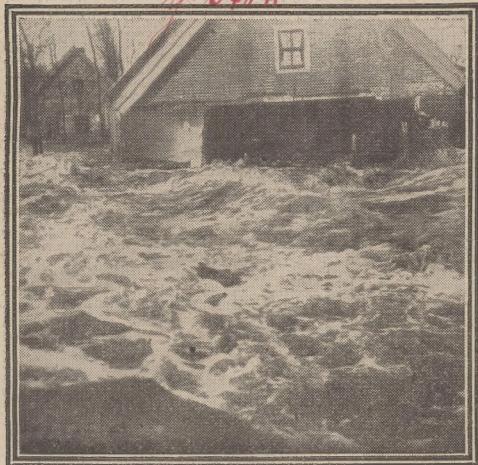
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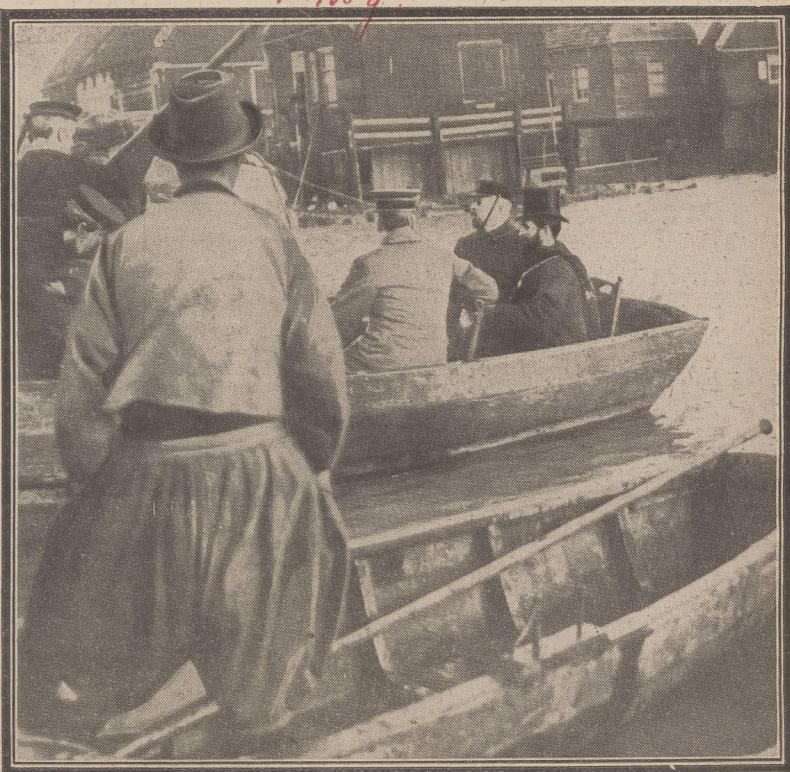
House where father and mother and two children were killed.

G. 348A.



A raging torrent in one of the streets of Niemvendam.

It is only because the Dutch dykes are a marvel of engineering that the great floods, which have caused such distress, did not cover the whole of the north of Holland. When a dyke did give way "the waves," according to an eye-witness, "streamed over



Prince Henry visits the flooded districts. He is seen in the stern wearing uniform.

like a great cascade, a splendid but fearful sight." Both Queen Wilhelmina and her husband, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, have displayed a practical sympathy in the misfortune which has overtaken their people.

WHY SHOULD WE FEED THE HUNS?

Blockade Discussion in Commons Eagerly Awaited.

THE COCOA RIDDLE.

Great satisfaction was expressed in the City yesterday at the announcement in Parliament that the blockade question should come under the discussion of the House on Wednesday.

City merchants feel that at last an opportunity will be afforded of registering the indignant protests of the people against what from published statistics they can only regard as a wholesale policy of feeding the enemy.

What has come to be known as the great cocoa mystery still remains unsolved.

An abnormal quantity of cocoa, one of the most valuable foods, has been going recently to Scandinavia and Holland, but who is sending it?

We know well its ultimate destination.

Mr. H. E. Dawson, general manager of one big firm, the Sandow's Cocoa and Chocolate Company, wrote to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday: "In common with other manufacturers of cocoa powder or essence, we do not export cocoa beans, as is otherwise known. Raw cocoa, and with particular reference to finished products, cocoa powder or chocolate, we have not exported any directly to any of these States (Scandinavia or Holland), nor have we sold any which could reach them by intermediate channels."

"ONE DIRECT RESULT."

"We should like to point out that one direct result of permitting the easy export of cocoa in any form is that Government, probably the largest buyers at the present time, have not only put up the prices against themselves, but against all consumers of the medium and lower qualities."

Another point of view was expressed by Mr. G. Awoock, manager of the export branch of Messrs. George Payne, Ltd., of Tower Hill.

Speaking to *The Daily Mirror*, Mr. Awoock said: "There are many firms in the City who

REMIND YOUR M.P.

that next week the Government is to define its position on the subject of feeding the Huns. Write to him to-day and ask him to insist on the Navy being given a free hand."

Already there are ample signs that the Germans are beginning to feel the pinch of hunger. If we enforce the blockade the Huns will have the utmost difficulty in feeding their army. Thus the war will be considerably shortened.

Half-measures will secure nothing.

are not looked upon in the ordinary way as regular cocoa merchants.

"These firms receive inquiries for cocoa from neutral countries, and before executing orders we think that British manufacturers should take such steps as would convince them that the cocoa was not required for enemy countries."

"WHAT AMERICA CAN DO."

"With the raw article the question is a little more difficult, as America by bringing up huge quantities of coco beans, largely of British growth, can get them to New York and ship them to any neutral country."

Official figures published by the Dutch Minister of Finance show that the cocoa powder sent to Germany in 1913 was 1,357 tons, while in 1915 it amounted to 10,792 tons.

"Cocoa butter sent to Germany in 1913 amounted to 1,357 tons, while in 1915 to 5,674 tons."

The question of fats is equally serious, for fats provide not only food, but the essential ingredients for many forms of explosives.

Inquiries as to the export of tallow and animal fats to neutral countries, especially Norway, Sweden and Denmark, show that the Government has at last held up such exports.

The head of one of the greatest tallow broking firms in the City said to *The Daily Mirror*:

"The time is not far off when it was time. It has been necessary for me to apply to the Admiralty to send these products to neutral countries, but there was no difficulty in obtaining the permits, and great quantities of animal fats have gone to Scandinavia."

"We have repeatedly warned the Government of this ourselves, and pointed out the obvious destination of these exports. But it is only just recently that they have taken any action."

BRITISH DESERTER'S FATE.

Mr. Tennant, in Parliamentary Papers, yesterday informed Mr. Farrell that Private T. Hope, of the 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment, was tried by field general court-martial on February 14, 1915, for the charge of desertion. The evidence showed that he had deserted from the trenches on December 23 until February 14.

It is well known to all soldiers, adds Mr. Tennant, that desertion in the face of the enemy is liable to be punished by death. Private Hope was informed of his sentence more than twelve hours before it was carried out.

The sentence was passed on February 14 and was not confirmed, reviewed before it was confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief on February 27. Such confirmation was strictly in accordance with law.

MILE END POLLING.

Hours Extended for By-Election Which Takes Place Next Tuesday.

MR. BILLING'S GREAT RALLY.

Mr. Warwick Brookes, the Coaliton candidate, and Mr. N. Pemberton Billing, the Independent airman candidate, were nominated for Mile End yesterday.

Brookes was described as an ironfounder, of 8, Hamilton-place, W., and Mr. Pemberton Billing as an airman, of 4, Elm-court, Temple. On the application of Mr. Pemberton Billing, the returning officer decided to extend the hours of polling from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Tuesday next. There were lively scenes of enthusiasm at the nominations. Mr. Pemberton Billing's papers included the signatures of Alderman H. M. Kay, of the Dockers' Union, and Mr. George Alfred Larnder, of the East London Victuallers' Association, who, instead of contesting the seat himself, is supporting Mr. Billing's candidature.

The support of Mr. Larnder is locally considered to be a distinct score for Mr. Billing. One of Mr. Billing's agents said yesterday: "Our candidate is going strong, and is winning new recruits hourly by his canvass. Mile End electors, we find, are not enthusiastic for the Government's policy of feeding the Germans and, as is otherwise known, raw cocoas, and with particular regard to finished products, cocoa powder or chocolate, we have not exported any directly to any of these States (Scandinavia or Holland), nor have we sold any which could reach them by intermediate channels."

The strength of Mr. Billing's canvass is shown by the sudden demand yesterday from not uninterested sources that he should withdraw his candidacy. Of course, that would make it easy for the Coalition candidate, but Mr. Billing will not withdraw."

There is, of course, a lot of support for Mr. Billing, but it is now felt by many of the Coalition supporters that Mr. Pemberton Billing's bid for the seat was taken too lightly at the outset.

Indeed, it was freely stated in Mile End yesterday that unless a great rally was made the seat would be won by the Independent airman.

Meanwhile Mr. Pemberton Billing has arranged his own rally. Great demonstrations of public favour to-day, to-morrow, and on Monday at the Mile End Palladium, when that great orator, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, and Mr. Ben Tillett and Sir Henry Dalziel will speak on his behalf.

"BELLE OF CHRISTIANIA."

Wedding To-day of Commander Evans, the Explorer, and Miss Elsa Andvord.

The romance of a polar explorer goes merrily and happily upon its way to-day when Commander Evans, one of the heroes of the historic Scott Antarctic Expedition, marries at noon at Christ Church, Westminster, Miss Elsa Andvord, a beautiful Norwegian lady who was the "belle of Christiania."

Commander Evans met his bride for the first time three years ago when visiting the Norwegian capital.

At a reception given to the explorer, his friend and fellow Lieut.-Commander Gran, who acted as best man to the expedition, turned to him and said: "Let me introduce you to the belle of Christiania, Miss Elsa Andvord."

To-day that girl becomes his wife, and she and her husband will take with them at the beginning of their married life the good wishes of two countries at least.

Miss Andvord comes of a soldier family; she was at school at Oxford and she knows England well.

Commander Evans is engaged in fighting Huns now instead of fighting the polar ice.

He has had three torpedo-boat destroyer commands since the war broke out, his last appointment being to that fine destroyer, the Crusader.

Commander Evans took charge of the Scott Expedition after the death of its chief, and, in recognition of his fine services he was promoted to his present rank and was at the time the youngest commander in the Navy.

Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd addressing a recruiting meeting at the Mansion House yesterday. The Lord Mayor is standing by his side.

GENERAL'S OF SIXTY.

Why Mr. James Douglas Thinks They Should Be Replaced by Younger Blood.

"THE KHAKI WOMAN."

Are our generals too old? Can we declare with truth that merit comes into its own in the British Army?

These are serious questions. The great business of organising for victory consists mainly in getting the best, the most efficient men to do the jobs that have got to be done. The best Cabinet Ministers. The best non-commissioned officers. The best munitions overseers. The best generals.

But have we got the best generals? Despite their experience, don't our sanguinean commanders lack the initiative, the nerve, and above all the stamina, required for a great campaign?

Mr. James Douglas, whose brilliant literary work is known throughout the Empire, thinks they do. In to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* he sets forth "The Case for Younger Generals," vividly and irrefutably.

To the same number, Mr. Horatio Bottomley contributes an interesting article on "The Khaki Woman." Women, he declares, is one of the great discoveries of the war.

Another article of interest to the fair sex, entitled "Women Who Are Worth Fighting For," sets forth the views of those at the front on "the eternal feminine"; while Mr. Austin Harrison is at his very best in an exposure of our weak-kneed blockade methods.

And, of course, the *Sunday Pictorial* will also contain, as usual, the most stirring war pictures of the week.

NAVY V.C. ON TIGRIS.

Gallant Officer Who Gave His Life in Attempt to Cut Hawkers.

Few stories of gallantry deeds during the advance up the historic Tigris to Kut-el-Amara have yet been published, and probably the most striking of these, which I describe, is that of Lieutenant-Commander E. C. Cookson, D.S.O., R.N., the posthumous honour of the Victoria Cross. In devotion to duty and conspicuous gallantry he worthily upheld the traditions of the Navy.

The bold story of his exploit as issued by the Admiralty, and published in last night's *London Mercury*, is as follows:

"On September 28, 1915, during the advance on Kut-el-Amara, the river gunboat Comet had been ordered with other gunboats to examine and, if possible, destroy an obstruction placed across the river by the Turks.

"When the gunboats were approaching the obstruction a very heavy rifle and machine gun fire was opened on them from both banks. Lieutenant-Commander Cookson, who had charge of the obstruction by gunfire having failed, Lieutenant-Commander Cookson ordered the Comet to be placed alongside, and himself jumped on to the deck with an axe and tried to cut the wire hawsers connecting it with the two other craft forming the obstruction.

"He was immediately shot in several places and died within a very few minutes."

DIAGRAM IN A LOVE LETTER.

A lover's letter containing a diagram he had drawn was a feature of a case yesterday before Mr. Justice Lush and a jury.

Elizabeth Rose Green, of New-road, Grays (Essex), brought an action against Mr. Charles Roland Moore, a carpenter, of Orsett-road, Grays, to recover damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage.

Mr. Roland Burrows, who appeared for the plaintiff, said that in one letter of an affectionate character defendant had drawn a diagram with the words "Love, engaged, married, Lily and Slingsby. Are engaged and are to be married." These words were followed by a number of crosses.

The jury awarded plaintiff £25 damages.



Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd addressing a recruiting meeting at the Mansion House yesterday. The Lord Mayor is standing by his side.

NEW STEP ON ROAD TO VICTORY.

Government Adopts Labour Dilution Policy.

PILING UP MUNITIONS.

The difficulty of obtaining the necessary supply of skilled labour has driven the Government to take drastic action to accelerate the output of munitions.

Semi-skilled, unskilled and female labour is to be called up wherever needed for any class of work on which it can be usefully employed so as to set free skilled workmen for the work which they alone can perform.

"The Government have given this matter the most careful and anxious consideration," said Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons last night.

THE ONLY PROSPECT.

"They are convinced, after taking into account all other methods of increasing the available supply of labour for munition work, that the adoption of dilution offers the only prospect of securing a sufficient supply of munitions to enable the war to be brought to a speedy and successful conclusion."

Any lack of munitions will lengthen the duration of the war and will exact a heavy toll on the lives of our soldiers.

It is quite impossible for foreign supplies to take the place of home production of munitions since, even if these sources of supply could be indefinitely expanded, the immense demands thereby entailed, both on our financial resources and on our shipping, would present insuperable difficulties.

"Guarantees as to the nature and temporary character of the changes have already been given and considerable progress has already been made in carrying out the measures to give effect to the policy indicated above, but I regret to say that what has hitherto been accomplished falls lamentably short of the national requirements

BLOW AT ENEMY FIRMS.

Several important steps were taken by the Government yesterday to tighten the pressure on the enemy.

In a sitting which lasted four hours and a half the House of Commons approved of the following proposals:

1.—The increase of men and boys for the Navy from 300,000 to 350,000. Of the additional 50,000 some 20,000 have already been obtained.

2.—The authorising of the Board of Trade to wind up enemy firms. (The Trading with the Enemy Bill.)

3.—A proposal to make it more difficult to ship goods from our ports to the enemy.

Sir George Cave, the Solicitor-General, in moving the second reading of the Trading with the Enemy Bill, said the chief object was to deal with registered companies which had a large number of enemy shareholders.

There was also a case of British ships owned by aliens registered by a British company.

Nothing could be done under the existing law to restrict their activities or their profits. This was an intolerable position.

The Bill gave the Board of Trade summary powers which included the winding-up of the businesses concerned.

Taking his British companies were treated in Germany, Sir George Cave said: "A gentleman who had been born here in Germany and had been interned in Ruhleben, where he was released, stated that at the outbreak of war his business was placed under the control of a German official."

"He was afterwards told that he had nothing more to do with the business—that it had become a German concern, but that he was responsible for its liabilities."

FIVE DAYS' SPEECH.

For the fifth day Sir Edward Carson yesterday continued his opening speech in the Slingsby case.

Sir Edward appears for those who are seeking to upset the decision given last February by Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane. This decision was that little Teddy Slingsby, the petitioner, is the lawful son of Mr. Charles Slingsby and his wife, Mrs. Dorothy Slingsby.

Sir Edward next read evidence for the purpose of showing that Mrs. Slingsby was not at 1,522, McAllister-road, San Francisco, between September 1 and 10, 1910.

One woman, he said, gave evidence that at the material date she was actually occupying the room in which Mrs. Slingsby was supposed to have had the baby. The hearing was adjourned.

MR. ASQUITH'S PROMISE.

Mr. Asquith, who met the executive of the Miners' Federation yesterday regarding the Military Service Bill, pointed out that it was never the intention of the Cabinet to apply industrial compulsion.

QUEEN OF MONTENEGRO AND PRINCESSES SEEK SAFETY AT LYONS

King Nicholas Sends Tragic Call for Help.

"ONE AGAINST TEN."

Big Allied Squadrons Bombard Two Ports in the Aegean.

HOW RUSSIA IS HELPING.

TRAGIC MONTENEGRO.

Montenegro is passing through tragic hours. The exiled Queen Milena and the Princesses Xenia and Vera have passed through Rome on their way to Lyons, in France, where, it is officially stated, the Montenegrin Government is being established.

"We are fighting as one against ten," declares King Nicholas, "and the situation is impossible." The Montenegrin troops are suffering from lack of food, and at the most they can only assure the evacuation of the civilian population before retiring into Albania.

SHELLING BULGAR PORTS.

Once again Allied warships have bombarded the Bulgarian ports of Dedeagatch and Porto Lagos, on the Aegean. From the number of ships employed—the Bulgars state that no fewer than twenty-four vessels were off Dedeagatch—it would appear that something more than mere reconnaissance work were intended.

RUSSIA'S NEW OFFENSIVE.

The importance of the offensive being conducted so brilliantly by the Russians on the Bessarabian frontier receives fresh emphasis to-day.

This sudden onslaught it is stated, has had the much-desired effect of drawing off large masses of the enemy's troops from the Balkans. Thus the Bulgarians find themselves left in the lurch and utterly unable to launch the much-boasted attack on the Allies' lines at Salonika.

MEETING OF TWO QUEENS IN ROME.

Italian Court's Sympathy for Exiled Royal Family.

ROME, Jan. 21.—Queen Milena of Montenegro and the Princesses Xenia and Vera arrived here yesterday evening from Brindisi.

The royal party has left again for Lyons. The Italian King and Queen and the Royal Princes went to meet the Montenegrin Royal Family on their arrival here, and this morning went to see them off on their departure for Lyons.

Queen Helena accompanied Queen Milena and the Princesses a part of the way by train, afterwards returning to Rome by motor-car.—Bunter.

It is officially announced at Rome, says an Exchange telegram, that the Montenegrin Court, accompanied by the Diplomatic Corps, is transferring the seat of Government to Lyons, in France.

KING'S PLEA FOR HELP.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—The Journal to-day publishes a dispatch from its special correspondent at Cetinje, written on January 6, which contains the following declaration by King Nicholas:

"The situation is impossible. Montenegro is fighting as one against ten."

"Our troops are brave, but they have been without food for five days, and it is impossible for us to do anything unless the allies assist us or their fleets attack the rear of the Austrian armies."

"So long as the French fleet had the direction of operations we were admirably assisted, but for some time past now scarcely any stores have reached us."

"Giovanni di Medua is insufficiently defended, and the Austrians sink the ships bringing us stores that we cannot do without!"—Central News.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—According to a Rome dispatch the Montenegrin Premier, who has arrived at Brindisi, has telegraphed to Signor Salandra:

"The tragic end will put a stop to accusations and calumnies more hurtful to Montenegro than anything the enemy has done."—Central News.

ALLIED FLEET SHELLS TWO BULGAR PORTS.

Dedeagatch and Porto Lagos Heavily Bombed on Same Day.

(BULGARIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 21.—An official communiqué issued in Sofia says:

On Tuesday an enemy squadron of twenty-four units appeared off Dedeagatch and opened fire at 9.45 a.m. on the town and surrounding heights.

The bombardment ceased at noon, and the vessels steamed away.

During the bombardment no lives were lost, but four horses were killed.

On the same day an enemy squadron of sixteen vessels cruised from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. in the Bay of Porto Lagos.

At 1.5 p.m. the enemy vessels began a bombardment of the heights surrounding Porto Lagos (thirty-eight miles west-north-west of Dedeagatch). The attack ceased at 5.30, when the vessels steamed away in the direction of the Isle of Thasos. We had no casualties.—Reuter.

According to an Exchange telegram, the Italian warship Piemonte took part in the bombardment of Dedeagatch.

CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE.

PARIS, Jan. 21.—A Salonika message says:

Five Allied warships bombarded Dedeagatch and Porto Lagos on Tuesday, doing considerable damage.

A message from Athens says that according to an exchange an Allied squadron bombarded Porto Lagos on Tuesday, and landed a detachment, which carried out a reconnaissance.

After ascertaining that there were no Bulgarian troops on the spot, the detachment went aboard a boat again, and the squadron steamed away. At the same time an Allied waterplane flew over the suburbs of the town.—Reuter.

FRENCH EXPLODE MINE UNDER GERMAN TRENCH.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 21.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:

There is nothing to report in the course of the night except in Artois, where we successfully exploded a mine under a German trench near Hill 119, south of Thelus.—Reuter.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

JAN. 21.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:

Western Theatre of War.—No events of special importance.

Eastern Theatre of War.—On the front between Pinsk and Chortytschki attacks by weak Russian detachments were easily repulsed.

Balkan Theatre of War.—Nothing to report. Wireless Press.

PERSIAN TOWN OCCUPIED BY THE RUSSIANS.

PETROGRAD, Jan. 21.—The following message has been received here from Teheran:

The comforting news has been received here of the occupation by the Russians of the town of Sultanabad, which was recently evacuated by the British colony.

The enemy, together with the German Consul, fled to Burjird.—Reuter.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 21.—The communiqué issued in Constantinople yesterday says:

On the Caucasus front an enemy cavalry regiment which attempted to attack was obliged to retreat, in consequence of our counter-measures.

Dardanelles Front.—A cruiser and a monitor fired some shells in the neighbourhood of Tekke Burnu and Seddul Bahr. Our artillery replied.—Reuter.

KAISER AND FERDINAND LOST IN ADMIRATION.

Monarchs Laud One Another and Use High-Sounding Phrases.

The Kaiser and King Ferdinand had a "mutual admiration" banquet at Nish on January 18, and both monarchs made bombastic speeches.

King Ferdinand, according to a Reuter Amsterdam telegram quoting a Nish message, said to the Kaiser:—"The world has learned to know with surprise and admiration the strength of Germany and her allies, and believes in the invincibility of the German Army under the guidance and leadership of its Kaiser."

The King expressed the hope that 1916 would bring peace—a peace which would allow his people to co-operate in future in the works of Kultur.

"Hail, Emperor, Cesar and King! Thou art victor and glorious. In ancient Nish all the peoples of the East salute thee, the Redeemer, bringing to the oppressed prosperity and salvation."

"BULGARIAN BRAVERY."

"I am received by the King amidst his brave troops," said the Kaiser, "and their illustrious leaders, and honoured by your Majesty with a high order, but, above all, with the appointment of Colonel of the Twelfth Balkan Infantry Regiment."

"We have been challenged by our enemies, who envied Germany and Austria-Hungary their peaceful and flourishing prosperity. In a light-hearted manner endangering the development of the Kultur of the whole of Europe in order to strike us and our loyal allies at the root of our strength."

"We have had a hard fight, which will soon spread further.

"We have come to the comradeship the glorious triumphal march of your Majesty's nation in arms began, which on the side of the side of the Patriotic War Lord has added one sublime leaf of glory to another in the history of Bulgaria."

"In order to give visible expression to my feelings for such deeds and to the feelings of all Germany, I have begged your Majesty to accept the dignity of Prussian Field-Marshal, and I am with my Army happy that you, by accepting it also in this sense, have become one of us."

"We have made up our mind once for all that Germany is to receive no more goods."

"This is well within our power. The Germans can be practically shut off from the world if we give the Navy the right to use full power."

Why not starve the Hun and make him submit?

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WORKING FOR THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS.



Making hospital garments at Mrs. R. G. Edwards's house in New Cavendish-street, the latest of London's beautiful homes to be devoted to the work of the Red Cross Society. Mrs. Edwards is seen in the circle.

ARMY CHAPLAIN.



Captain Greene, of the Salvation Army, awarded the Military Cross for his services as chaplain.

AUTHOR'S SON.



Lieutenant Leslie Kinloch Tweedie, younger son of Mrs. Alec Tweedie, the author, who has been killed. He was a fine cricketer and footballer.

AWARDED D.C.M.



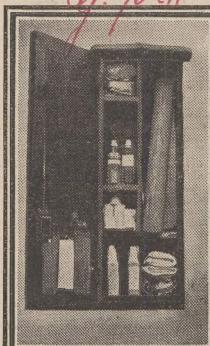
Bombardier W. Lockton, awarded the D.C.M. for keeping telephone communication intact.

A VISITOR FROM PARIS.



Mlle. Yetta Riana, première danseuse from the Opera Comique, Paris, who is appearing in "Joyland."—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

FIRST AID CASE.



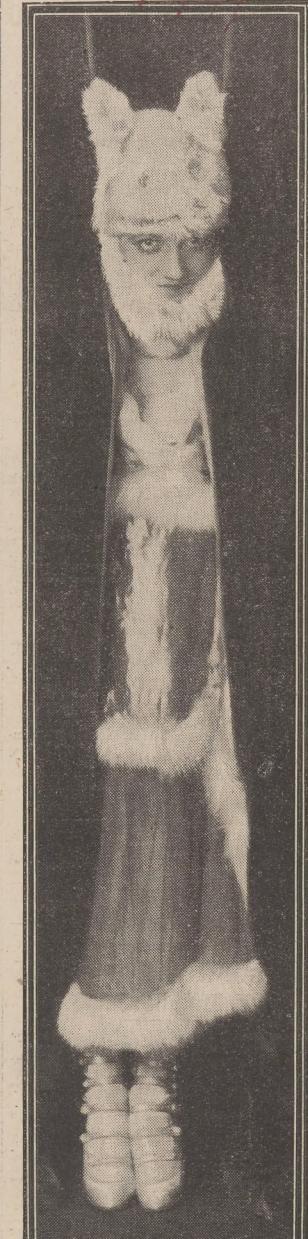
First aid equipment, subscribed for by the Battersea tradespeople for street accidents.

M. VANDERVELDE AT THE FRONT.



The Belgian Minister has again been visiting the trenches, this time accompanied by his friend, M. Roger, another Socialist.

"THE WHITE CAT."



Our Portrait is of Mrs. Hewitt, of 117, Tilbury Dwellings, Tilbury, who writes:

"My leg was covered with large

Ulcerated Sores

The pain was excruciating. I consulted four doctors at different times; they gave me some medicine and ointment, but still I seemed to get worse. At last I was compelled to enter a hospital, and was an in-patient for seven weeks, but I did not get any better. Then I tried several medicines which were supposed to cure bad legs, but they never did me any good.

"One day a neighbour asked me to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and I did, and I am well again. After taking several bottles I was completely cured, and can now walk about as well as anybody. I am very sorry I did not try your wonderful medicine before, because I feel sure I should have been saved years of suffering. At one time my leg was so bad that the doctor thought I should have to have it amputated, but thanks to 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' I am now quite well."

Do You Suffer

from any disease due to impure blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Abscesses, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Boils, Pimples, Sores of any kind, Fissures, Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Gout, etc.?

If so, don't waste your time and money on useless lotions and messy ointments which cannot get below the surface of the skin. What you want and what you must have to be permanently cured is a medicine which will thoroughly expel the blood of the poisonous matter which alone is the true cause of all your suffering. Clarke's Blood Mixture is just such a medicine. It is composed of ingredients which quickly expel from the blood all impurities from whatever cause arising, and by rendering it clean and pure can be relied upon to effect a lasting cure.

CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE

By reason of its Remarkable Blood Purifying Properties is universally recognised as

THE WORLD'S BEST REMEDY FOR SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture is pleasant to take, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age. Sold by all chemists and stores, 2/- per bottle (six times the quantity 1/-).

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1916.

WHAT WE MUST NOT ASSUME.

IN one of its eminently judicious leading articles the *Westminster Gazette* yesterday spoke of the need for "unity of control" in the Allied conduct of the war.

To people actually fighting—to Tommy and the Poilu—that must sound as though someone were to get up, at this stage, and proclaim: "Gentlemen, there is evidence abroad that there's a war on Europe. I think we had better see if it's true."

And indeed the *Westminster*, in its own sedative manner, goes on to remark that "it is in itself a criticism of the conduct of the war that military critics should be discussing at this time of day whether the western front or the Balkans is the main theatre of operations." It is late, in other words, very late, to be discussing "unity of control." The *Westminster*, always temperate in criticism and always optimistic till optimism becomes impossible, after this very mild sentence of reproach, remarks that "We must assume that the Allied Governments have clear ideas on this subject and that they have taken steps to act in concert . . . and to subordinate all side-issues to what they conceive to be their main purpose."

Why must we "assume" that?

We must assume it, because it has never been true up till now. Such is optimism.

But surely, in all vital matters, assumptions are based on experience.

"We must assume" that the sun will rise to-morrow, not because it didn't rise yesterday, but because it did. "We must assume," then, according to experience, not that the Allied Governments have necessarily reached unity of control, but that they haven't reached it; and we must go on boldly—as mildly, but wisely, the *Westminster* does—*to insist upon the unity of control which, according to experience, the Allied Governments have never attained.*

Months ago, this matter of unity of control was discussed, and, after that discussion behind closed doors, the French Press and our own Press rubbed hands, so to speak, and remarked: "That, then, is settled. In future, unity of control. . . ."

Yet what have we just seen?

We have just assisted at another Russian "advance," with no corresponding attempt on our side. The old, old policy is followed of saying to the German railway-directors: "Would it be convenient to you if we made a dash now on the East? The West will keep quiet."

Immediately German troop trains to the East. The dash is made and fails—being one-sided.

Then the Western command takes up the see-saw and says: "Now let us have a turn."

Immediately German troop trains to the West.

That is all the unity of control experience gives us any right to "assume" in this war.

Not by resting, then, on constantly refuted assumptions, not by trusting the aged dug-outs and elderly politicians, can the war be won by the Allies; but only by the pressure of a constantly alert opinion, goading the old men to greater activity and less optimism. We must not be content to put our money on certain fetishes and then leave it on, trusting that, like scriptural bread, it will return after the many years of warfare our aged dug-outs are said contentedly to contemplate. We must all labour together, in tense effort, to stimulate those ancients whom the British habit of fetish-worship makes it impossible to get rid of, until their blunders become too glaring for even their British public to ignore.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Think that to-day shall never dawn again—*Dante.*

MY WAR DREAM ABOUT THE BLOCKADE.

WHEN THE NAVY WAS SOLD BY AUCTION.

By ROBERT McDougall.

I MUST have been reading too much about the blockade. Possibly the statistics—figures which were really bloated and oozed fatness—illustrating how the generous Briton feeds the injured Teuton had given me indigestion. In any event I had a dream.

My dream was brutally unromantic.

It was no creation of a fair maiden's romantic evening with the pillow. It did not deal with the emperors and the flashing eyes of a gentle knight or the bold summons at the castle gates. In contrast, the dream was squalid. The entire action "took place" within the drab walls of an auction room.

It was no ordinary auction room. There seemed to be no bargains on view, no litter of oils and watercolours which ought to be in the

(Up)room in the hall, such as takes place at pieces meetings.

"She's got to go to-day at whatever sacrifice. The British Consul at Trondhjem sent a protest drawn up by the Oddo Rural District Council calling for the withdrawal of the Queen Elizabeth from service, some of her officers having, it is alleged, spoken hard words about neutrals. There isn't, really, a word of truth in the story, but we mustn't offend even a neutral district council. So the Lizzie's—er the Queen Elizabeth has, as I have just said, to be sold, and damn the consequences."

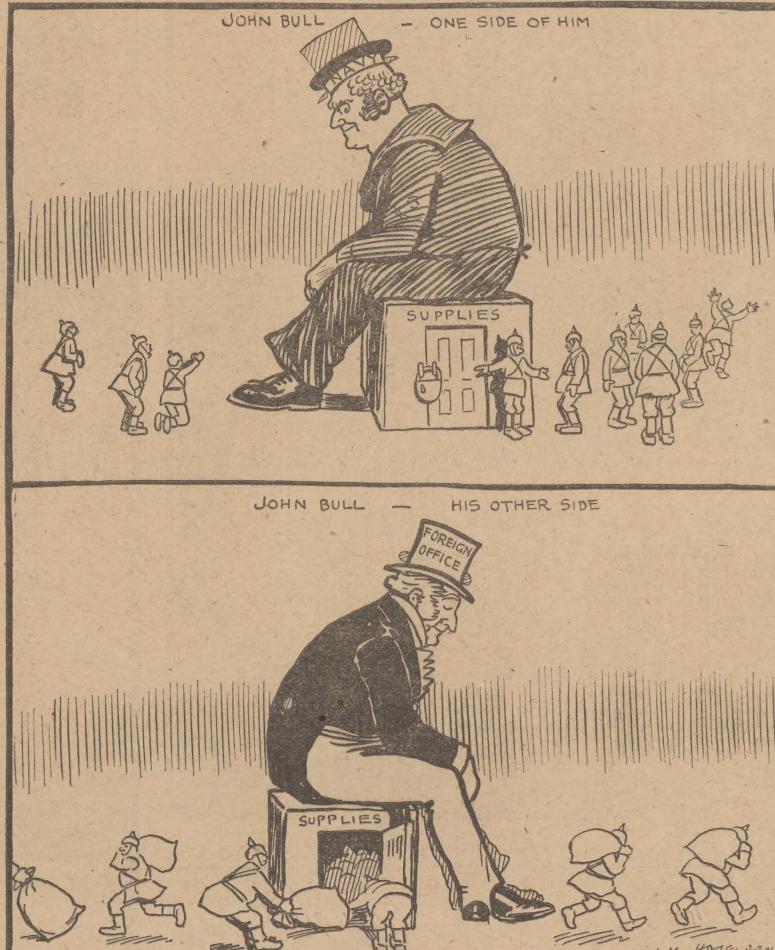
THAT SCOTTISH FAMILY!

"What offers, ladies and gentlemen? Any advance on four thousand—six—six—going at six. Gone at six thousand? Name? Tarpitch."

"Tarpitch—a very eminent Scottish family, I believe."

Lot number 14, ladies and gentlemen. A very fine group of submarines. These have been withdrawn from the Baltic, as the noise made by their torpedoes and guns annoys the people living on the neutral littoral. Littoral

TWO SIDES OF JOHN BULL.



Navy and Foreign Office! And what the public wants to know is simply this: "Are our elderly politicians undoing what the Navy is trying to do? Are we feeding Germany needlessly in deference to Foreign Office timidity?" — (By Mr. W. K. Halesden.)

sacrificial fires. But the walls were hidden with pictures and those eerie products of draughtsmanship exhibiting sections on neatly ruled paper. Assuredly, I must have wandered into an exhibition of engineering appliances. But there was an auctioneer, seated upon his throne, looking very downcast and abject.

He was running over his catalogue and at length he began after violent manifestations with his handkerchief.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we will take Lot 10. As you know, this is a famous battle cruiser and is especially selected from the British Navy which we are selling to-day.

Good heavens! The Navy for sale, and in wartime, too!"

The Queen Elizabeth. (Applause, which was quickly silenced.) I see you have heard about the Lizzie—pardon, I spoke for a moment as a man and not an auctioneer. Well, we are selling the Queen Elizabeth cheap, because we have no use for her.

is right, isn't it? Well, anyway, the submarines have to be disposed of. They mustn't be allowed to make any further encroachments upon the tranquil quietude of neutral waters. Great Britain never irritates a neutral. Yes, sir, you may think I don't know an Englishman, but I am a scion of the small nations—um—er—yes. What did you bid, madam? Twenty thousand for the pick of the basket? Well, well, any increase. They've got to go. These desperate fellows may embroil us with the Swiss Government. They can't? Any advance?

"They're yours, madame." Absolutely the best "subs" on the market. Mrs. Gordon von Ingoldsby has sold you the lot. Thank you. The Scots at the front, as usual."

"Lot No. 40! I need not trouble you with it. It has been sold to Mr. William Secundus Banckburn, Potsdam, N.B. This lot comprises the larger part of the British Grand Fleet. In the course of its duties the Grand Fleet emits black, foul-smelling smoke, and neutral cap-

BOYS AND MEN.

OUR YOUTH IN TRAINING FOR THE TASKS OF THE FUTURE.

OUR FAILURE IN LANGUAGES.

I AM much struck with the difference between letters I have from the English "Tommies" and the French poilu.

Both are very welcome, and I am pleased to have them, but it is curious how eager the French are to learn English while I find the "Tommies" do not respond to offers to help them learn French. I think the chief reason the Frenchmen like the English papers is that it helps them on with their English.

I now know how to write a quite understandable English letter, and also follow the news in our English papers, entirely by their own exertions, with the exception of (in one case) a year's teaching ten years ago at the communal school. They have learnt the value of education with an eye to the future, not only just the necessities of the present. I know a French boy at present studying hard at German, though he hates the Boches with a feeling almost unknown in England, but he hopes in the future to beat them at their own game.

Your paper is much appreciated by French friends. *COSMOPOLITAN.*

VICTIMS OF EDUCATION.

"ASSISTANT SCHOOLMASTER," who suggests that the critics of our system of teaching French in schools should prove their calibre by writing in that language, is well beside the point.

The people who are criticising the school methods are for the most part people who have been victims of those methods and are therefore the least likely of all French scholars to accept "Assistant Schoolmaster's" challenge. I certainly could not do so myself, though I passed the Cambridge local examination; but in Dutch or German, learned within a year by more sensible methods, I can express myself freely, verbally or on paper.

Incidentally, I do not think that a Frenchman is the best master, except for the most advanced classes.

WAR INVENTIONS.

SO FAR AS I read Mr. Talbot's letter, the war of 1870 gave us margarine. Rather a high price for that invention.

For half what a war costs in money alone we could have got real butter enough to grease the very axis of the globe.

TAB CAN.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 21.—The Christmas roses (*helleborus niger*) are flowering splendidly this year owing to the mild weather. St. Bridget's is a variety with clear green foliage and pure white flowers.

Christmas roses must not be allowed to flower without protection for rain, frost and wind are sure to damage delicate blossoms. Therefore place a frame over the roots.

Later on the beautiful Lenten roses will be here. It is a pity these perennials are not often seen in gardens. E. F. T.

tains having complained that the smoke dirties their nice paint and darkens the blue sky, and that the warships take up space at sea, the Grand Fleet has been sold to Mr. William Secundus Banckburn, Potsdam, N.B. This lot comprises the larger part of the British Grand Fleet. In the course of its duties the Grand Fleet emits black, foul-smelling smoke, and neutral cap-

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"An excellent morning's work. Good morning."

When I awoke, with anguish, moistened brow, I determined to send a word in re block-

ade, as they say, to the local member of Parliament.

WAR HEROES



Lieutenant - Commander Edgar Christopher Cookson, R.N., D.S.O., awarded the V.C. for an act of conspicuous gallantry during the advance on Kut-el-Amara. He tried to sink an obstruction on the Tigris at the cost of his life.—(Russell.)

P17889.



Flight-Lieutenant Vivian Gaskell Blackburn, R.N., another hero of the Kut-el-Amara advance, who came under heavy fire while carrying dispatches. He receives the Distinguished Service Cross.

P18809.



Duncan Flower Cunningham-Reid (Royal Flying Corps), who has been killed. He was a nephew of Lord Erskine and Sir William Flower, and was a fine linguist and all-round sportsman.

MOTOR-CYCLE SLEIGHING.



This is the latest winter pastime in Norway. The cycle is fitted with a side car in which the passenger is well protected.

RHEIMS AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY: HAVOC WROUGHT

G. 926W.

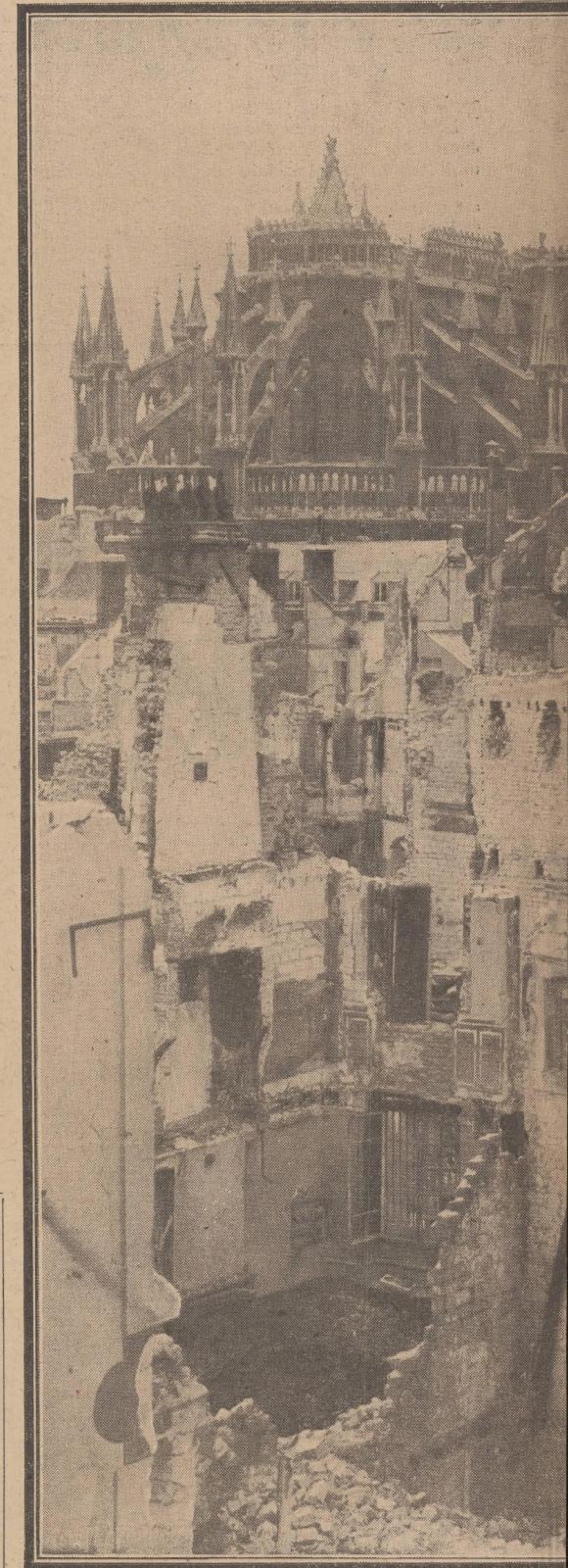


The cathedral as seen from a shell-shattered house.

"ROWING" AT A HOSPITAL.



A sister acting as physical drill instructor at the Duchess of Connaught's Canadian Red Cross Hospital at Cliveden, Bucks.



A view of Rheims Cathedral and the wreckage of the houses surrounding it. The photographs on either side give an idea of the enormous penetrative power and shattering effect of the modern heavy shell. In the case of the

HELL WHICH CRASHED THROUGH OFFICE FLOOR

Y. 926 W.



In the photograph on the right) the shell evidently dropped almost
nearly and crashed through the thick masonry into the cellars.—
ced from the *Illustrated London News*.



Shell penetrates thick masonry of the ground floor.

SIR GEORGE REID'S BUST.

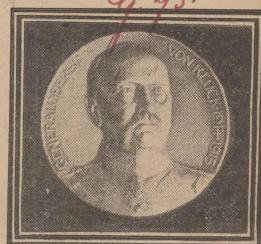
P 18507.



Putting the finishing touches to the bust of Sir George Reid, the former High Commissioner for Australia. It is a gift from his staff.

NO GOOD NOW

Y. 926 W.



General von Kluck—

Y. 926 W.



Goes to Paris.

Y. 926 W.



Admiral von Tirpitz—

Y. 926 W.



“Strafes” England.

Coins “made in Germany” to cele-
brate the fall of Paris and the sink-
ing of the British Fleet.

JUMPING FOR WAR OFFICE.

Y. 921 B.



Testing a motor-car for the War Office. It is
completely off the ground to see if the springs
can stand rough usage.



Jack is delighted

he thought he would have to give me more for housekeeping, but I find I've actually spent less this month than last—and we've done ourselves better too. I used to deal at half-a-dozen different shops, but now I find I always save money by dealing at Lipton's.

TYPICAL EXAMPLE of LIPTON'S VALUE:

Lipton's Tea 1/10
This quality is quite unobtainable at the price elsewhere.

Plum Jam 1/1½
Of unrivalled quality. 3 lb. size jar.
1d. allowed for jar.

Margarine 6d.
The same famous Lipton quality and the same price as heretofore. per lb.

A Million Eggs
of splendid quality, fresh and of good size, will be offered this week at 6 for 1/-

LIPTONS take a personal pride in the excellence of everything they supply for table. Quality First—is the principle on which Lipton's business is being conducted.

Judge for yourself how well that ideal is maintained in all you buy from Liptons.

**You always save
money at
LIPTON'S**

TEA PLANTERS & PROVISION MERCHANTS.

LIPTON, LTD.

TWO SENSATIONAL WAR STORIES

By



DOUGLAS NEWTON.



PATRICK MACGILL.

EXCLUSIVELY in To-morrow's
Lloyd's News

The Great Family Sunday Newspaper.

Douglas Newton (the famous author of "The Undying Story"): A brilliant study of a charge under shrapnel with a glorious deed of heroism at the end which though it cost the doer his life let the British attack through to a triumphant success.

Patrick MacGill ("the Navvy Poet"): How he worked heroically all night bringing in desperately wounded men lying in front of the trenches faced with almost certain death.

Ben Tillett's message from the trenches to "Lloyd's" readers; Harry Furniss on "Striking Coincidences"; the narrative of the Heroine of Loos—and ALL the Home and Foreign Telegrams up to Sunday morning.

Order your to-morrow's "LLOYD'S NEWS" now.

A MAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY
M. AYRES

ROBIN SAYS "GOOD-BYE."

JEAN did not look at Robin as she spoke, but she was painfully conscious that he was looking at her; even through the semi-darkness she could feel his eyes. There was a little pause, then O'Neil drew a long breath like a sigh.

"Yes," he said tonelessly.

She was filled with a sudden, swift irritation against him. He was so calm, so unmotional. He was evidently not going to try and make her change her mind—perhaps he did not care sufficiently; perhaps he was relieved that, after all, he was not to be saddled with her for the rest of his life.

He broke out impulsively, agitatedly:

"I suppose it doesn't matter to you—I suppose you don't care."

He laughed a little now; a curious, hurt sort of laugh.

"I never was a fellow to make a fuss about anything," he said laconically. "Somehow—someday I never thought you would marry me after—the first few minutes. Dawson's a young man then, and not such a sultry devil, I can say. I was not sufficiently conceited to blame you for preferring him."

"You're wilfully trying to misunderstand me—it's not that at all. But—he's been so good to me—you don't know what he has done for me; and this evening—when I was sitting there, watching him . . ."

"Romance isn't love, Jean," said O'Neil. His voice was low, rather hoarse. "The Devil goes well and about again—as please Heaven he will be—that will be the time for you to decide the greatest question of your whole life. Anyway—whether you marry him or not, I hope you will be very—happy—always!"

Something in his voice roused her to anger. He was talking so impersonally; as if it were nothing what became of her; as if he had never kissed her, or said that he loved her. Her cheeks flamed.

"I have decided already," she said impetuously. "I promised to marry him—I shall keep my promise. After all," she added defiantly, "he loves me better than anyone else I know."

She was asking for contradiction, asking for a return of his old passionate ardour; but O'Neil still remained impervious.

A woman with a greater knowledge of men would have guessed how strong a constraint he was putting upon himself; but Jean did not yet understand a love that was too proud and strong to plead for itself. She argued that if Robin had cared for her at all he could never have sat there in stony silence, listening, as calmly as if it were no concern of his whom she loved.

Her tears gripped one another in the lap of her frock; she felt as if she were choking. O'Neil leaned forward suddenly. She thought he was going to touch her—take her hands. The quick throbbing of her heart died down to a slow pulse when, instead, he merely let the window down with a slam.

"It's stifling," he said.

She did not answer. She hated the impersonality of him, the something of his own fear of him which came back to her. She sat there silently as the cab raced westwards. He was so much stronger than she, so much more self-possessed. He would pack up and go back to India and never let her know even if his heart were breaking; whilst she—she broke out suddenly—in spite of herself:

"Don't you care at all what becomes of me? I thought—I thought . . ." She stopped helplessly.

"It isn't a question of caring, is it?" said O'Neil after a moment; his voice was not quite steady. "If you are going to marry Dawson, I can be of no further possible interest to you. After all, he is better suited to you than—an older man; you're such a child, Jean."

"The same old cry!" she interrupted bitterly. "I'm such a child! I have to be treated as if I were six years old. I . . . oh!"

The cab had stopped. "Are we home?" she asked forlornly.

"Yes," O'Neil opened the door and got out; he made no attempt to assist her; she followed slowly.

"I'll say good-bye, then," said Robin. He had not paid the driver; he evidently intended using the cab again. He held out his hand to her. "Come along; you will let me know if there is anything I can do for you."

"You're not—are you coming in?" she asked blankly.

"Not to-night. I think; you must be tired. Tell Lillian I shall see her again before I leave England."

She gave him her hand mechanically; she felt as was all unreal—dream-like; it was only when he turned to leave her that she found her voice.

"Robin—you're not going—like this?"

He hesitated. "There is nothing else for me to do. If you want me at any time I shall be only too pleased to do anything I can for you, but it's useless for us to meet—useless . . ."

". . . useless?"

"Unless you can tell me that you are absolutely free, and that you wish to be . . ."

She cried out agitatedly:

"Gavin is ill—he may die; how can I tell him now, even if—if . . ."

"You could have told him before," he said in a voice of thin despair.

She stood clutching hold of him—to keep him back—to beg of him not to go; but before her eyes in the darkness rose the memory of Gavin's unconscious face, and it was as if a hand was laid on her shoulder, preventing her—defying her.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



Jean Millard.

There was a little moment of silence, then Robin turned away.

"Good-bye!" he said.

Jean did not answer; she watched the red rear light of the cab dash down the road and went into the darkness, then she turned and went into the house. The solemn-faced butler eyed her with a sort of respectful sympathy; he asked apologetically how Mr. Dawson was.

Jean answered absently:

"He's very ill—he didn't know me; he's very ill."

She went half-way up the stairs, then came back and asked where Lillian was.

Mrs. Wilson, who still out, she was told, by Mr. Rutherford—before he had time to finish his sentence, the drawing room door opened and Pansy came out. She was in evening dress; she was a little flushed and angry-looking.

"Oh, it's only you! I thought it was Mr. O'Neil. He is taking me to a theatre to-night—I've been waiting half an hour."

"I've just left him; he's gone; he was conscious of a faint sense of triumph. "At least he has not left me at the door; he was very kindly come to the hospital." She hesitated.

"I—I don't think he has remembered about the theatre," she said uncertainly.

"Of course, if you've been keeping him back," Pansy broke out angrily, then all at once she softened. "Don't worry; I think you're right. How do you know Mr. Dawson? Did you see him?"

"You—but he didn't know me. I'm afraid he is very ill; they are going to let me know if—I am wanted again."

"You're dear!" She drew Jean back with her into the drawing-room; they stood together by the fire. "You know," Pansy broke out after a moment impulsively, "all this reminds me terribly of—the most awful thing that ever happened in my life." Her voice was somewhat broken, in spite of the slangy way in which she spoke.

"I was engaged to someone else before I married Tom, you know," she said; she kept her eyes on the fire. "I was engaged to—well, never mind his name; you wouldn't know him, anyway; but—he was such a dear!" Her voice broke suddenly, but she went on, "I've never met a man quite like him—except for Mr. Robin O'Neil—he reminds me of him—just the same quiet, strong sort of way—oh, you understand what I mean, don't you?"

A SECRET IS OUT.

PANSY did not wait for Jean to answer; she went on as if she found it a relief to talk to someone. "He hated my playing cards, too!

—it was the only thing we ever quarrelled about. He said it was ruining me—but I wouldn't listen. One night we had a frightful row about it; I wanted to go to some friends and play, and he said I wasn't to. Well," she laughed rather mirthlessly, "I was rather like you in those days, my dear—and I went! He said he'd never forgive me, and I said I didn't care. I thought it was very fine to defy him—that's what you think about Mr. O'Neil, isn't it?"

She looked up at Jean with tears in her eyes and quickly away again.

"I went, and I lost and lost—and lost—all night! Oh, it was a nightmare—you can't think! I never got home till—well, it was in the summer-time, and I know it was getting light when I let myself into the house."

My mother was in the hall. I had no mother—and I knew directly I saw his face that something dreadful must have happened for him to be there at all. As a rule he didn't care what I did as long as I never asked him for money—he just let me go my own way. And something was the matter—something that ruined my life and broke my heart."

Jean had never known such depth of feeling in Robin before; he had never believed her capable of so much feeling. "He was dead," the elder woman went on dully, "the man I was engaged to. It was an accident—as sudden as this one that has happened to Mr. Dawson. And he was dead! Nobody but he knew where I had gone, and he was past telling them. So—so he never came back to me after all."

"He voice trailed away, and there was unbroken silence.

Jean tried to think of something to say, but no words would come, and suddenly Pansy moved; she flung her arms wide with a long sigh and let them fall again heavily. She dropped into a chair behind her, dragging a cushion beneath her head in her old lazy way.

"I don't know why I've told you all this,"

she said in her usual voice. "Poor kid! You must have the blue hump already. Pass me the cigarettes, there's a dear!"

Jean passed over the silver box mechanically. She looked at Pansy wonderingly.

"And—and—what did you do—then?" she asked in an awestruck voice.

Pansy laughed—not a very mirthful laugh.

"What did I do? Well, I married Tom Rutherford because he said he would pay my debts, the pictures, the tools, but he tried to make me swear never to play any more and I wouldn't and that did it! We had an awful life when we lived together—rows all day—so I cleared, and here I am! Poor old Tom—he knew I'd never cared about him."

She struck a match on a silver box and looked up at Jean. "Don't you ever marry a man you don't like, for heaven's sake—it's—well, I don't know any word to suit it!"

Jean took off her hat and pushed the heavy hair back from her forehead.

"I think life is horrible," she said, suddenly, with a tremble in her voice.

Pansy threw the dead match into the fire.

"Oh, no, it isn't," she said. "Life is all right—it's we who make it wrong. Take my case, for instance—I have been such an old fool, I might say, I have been the happiest woman in the world now; if I hadn't gone to that house that night, my—he would never have had that accident, and we should have been married, and . . ." She broke off dreamily, looking up at the little grey cloud of smoke that she had puffed from the cigarette.

"And I should not be sitting here now," she went on, after a moment, "wasting my time giving you advice, which I know you won't take."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jean, deviously.

"I think you do," said Pansy, seriously, though her eyes looked kind. "I think you do." She sat up, and held out her hand to Jean with sudden impulse.

"Like you," she said, "though I can't help giving in a silly little dig occasionally; and I'd like to see you happy. But there's only one man for you to be happy with—and his name isn't Gavin Dawson; he's dear!"

She leaned back again with a rather self-conscious laugh.

"There! Now you may box my ears if you want to!"

But Jean only stood very silent, her eyes twinkled.

Only one man! And he was not Gavin! . . . She knew that so well—so very well.

"Here is Lillian," said Pansy, suddenly. Jean half-turned; she could both hear Lillian's voice in the hall. After a moment she came into the room; she looked directly at Jean.

"What's this I hear about Gavin?" she asked sharply. "Thompson tells me that there's an accident, I think."

She was very pale; her eyes looked somewhat frightened; she was breathing quickly as she waited for them to answer.

It was Pansy who spoke.

"It's quite true! The poor dear was run over—he's been taken to a hospital; they sent for Jean, and she's just come back."

"He's not—not—dead, then?"

"No—he's not," said Jean, quickly. She could not look at Lillian; something in the older woman's eyes—a voice—awoke a slumbering doubt in her heart.

Lillian had once loved Gavin—had been engaged to him.

"They're going to let us know from the hospital if there is any change," she heard herself saying mechanically. "I stayed as long as I could; then Mr. O'Neil came, and he made me come away. They have promised to let us know if anything happens."

The three women looked at one another; it was Pansy who rose to her feet first; she went out into the hall, closing the door behind her. There was a breathless silence; they could hear her voice, sharply impatient.

Hullo! Hullo! Who is it? Who is it?

Jean looked at Lillian, but she could not see her face; she was standing against the mantel-shelf, her head bowed.

There was something in the droop of her figure, something that made Jean want to go over to her, to put an arm round her and say, that it was all right—that everything would be all right, she was sure—to beg her not to worry; but some new strange feeling of shyness kept her where she was.

It seemed a long time before Pansy came back; she looked at Jean.

It was the hospital. You are to go at once. I'm afraid—afraid. She broke off with a stifled cry, as with a little sound like a long sigh Lillian fell fainting to the floor.

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.

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all kinds of diseases, their causes, cures, prevention, &c., and will be sent on receipt of 2d. postage. It also explains with the greatest clearness the various forms of Internal Weakness etc., can be easily understood. **Order now**—**VI-COCOA**—**INTERNAL INSTRUMENTS**—the latter cause cataracts and blindness, & are often unavoidable at all costs. Send to-day to

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Mr. Shirley Benn, M.P.

The Great Blockade
Everybody who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs is looking forward to the great debate in the House of Commons next Wednesday on the blockade question.

Mr. Shirley Benn, who introduces the subject, is an ideal man for the task, for

he is able to bring a good business mind and the benefit of a legal training to the preparation of his case.

Fought Mr. Burns.

Mr. Benn, a pleasant-mannered, immaculately-dressed, middle-aged man, is one of the Unionist members for Plymouth. He has shared with Mr. Waldorf Astor the honour of representing this great seaport since 1910. But this was not his first attempt to get into Parliament. Twice he fought Mr. John Burns at Battersea, and on each occasion gave him a "good run for his money." Mr. Benn's brother, Mr. Ion Hamilton Benn, is also a member of Parliament, having represented Greenwich since 1910.

Made Mr. Lloyd George Happy.

It is not very often that the Prime Minister comes down to the House of Commons at noon when Parliament meets on a Friday. But he made an exception yesterday to deliver his important statement on the "dilution of labour." Mr. Lloyd George, looking as bright as a new pin, was also one of the "early birds." And didn't the Munitions Minister look pleased with Mr. Asquith's announcement that "diluted labour" is to be introduced "wherever needed."

Puzzled the Pressmen.

Mr. Asquith's statement, read off rapidly in low tones, proved, I am told, an extremely difficult task for the scribes in the Press Gallery. I hear that a record number of corrections were humming over the wires during the afternoon.

Bored.

When one well-known bore was speaking in the House of Commons yesterday I noticed another well-known bore went to sleep. This was very ungracious, for the oratory of the latter bore has a more soporific effect on the House than that of any other man.

The Heckler Did Not Know.

At Mile End yesterday a heckler at Mr. Pemberton Billing's meeting shouted, "If you can't make your voice heard in Parliament will you consent to go to the Clock Tower?" Immediately Mr. Billing replied, "If I can't make it heard I'll dive into the Thames." But the heckler did not know that Mr. Billing is a phenomenal swimmer as well as an all-round athlete.

Wait Half an Hour.

The playbill stated: "Shall We Forgive Her?" at eight o'clock prompt." A wag added: "No! Make it 8.30."

The Latest Mrs. Tanqueray.

Miss Hilda Moore, who is to appear on the films with Sir George Alexander in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," is an actress of considerable charm and originality. She received her early training from Sir Herbert

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Miss Hilda Moore.

Tree, her first stage appearance being at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool, in November, 1905, when she acted Rose Maylie in "Oliver Twist." Since then she has assumed a variety of roles, all of them with marked success.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Feeling the Blockade.

I was dining last night with a friend who has a high place on an Allied staff. He tells me that there is always a steady little stream of Germans who give themselves up as prisoners on the West. Almost without exception all of them speak of the privations in Germany on account of our blockade. If the half-hearted blockade of to-day has such results, why don't we enforce a really rigorous blockade?

Nepotism in the Army.

I hear that the number of colonels who have one or two sons with commissions in their regiments is large. Probably it's coincidence.

A New Zealand Romance.

The sequel to a romance takes place on Monday with the wedding at the Guards' Chapel of Lord and Lady Plunket's eldest daughter, Miss Helen Plunket, a pretty, vivacious girl, to Captain Tahu Rhodes, Grenadier Guards, of Christchurch, New Zealand. The acquaintance began when Lord Plunket was Governor-General of New Zealand, the bride-to-be, as a young girl, being very friendly with the Rhodeses, who are a famous family in New Zealand.

Back to "Betty."

During the last few weeks Daly's Theatre has been deprived of one of its most charming actresses. Miss Modesta Daly has been laid up with influenza. Happily she is now

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Miss Modesta Daly.

sufficiently recovered to be able to go to the east coast for a change of air. When she comes back—and we all hope it will be soon—she will take up her old part in "Betty."

The "Spoon" Packet.

What amusing mistakes have been made in the darkness of the half-lighted streets. I met a sad man yesterday who told me of his laughable mistake. On the way to visit his wife, who was in a London nursing home, he bought a bunch of violets, which the vendor carefully wrapped up in paper. This was carried with due care, and only disclosed in his wife's presence that, instead of violets, the paper contained a bunch of groundsel.

His Reason.

"Why did you join the Army?" asked the dear old lady. "Just for the sea trip, mum," replied the hero.

3,000 Guineas for a Stallion.

I see that Mr. H. Smith Carrington has given 3,000 guineas for a stallion this week—Nobury Menestrel. Mr. Carrington is one of our foremost horse breeders, and is a director of Armstrong, Whitworth, Ltd., the great armament firm. He lives in Manchester, where he has a fine house.

Chopsticks.

I wonder when the Japanese Ambassador, Marquis Inouye, is going to give another reception at which Japanese food and chopsticks are provided. A well-known woman who went to the last one told me that she found the chopstick beyond her. To use her own expression, "it was like finessing the Queen of Hearts!"

Armlets at the Ritz.

Dining at the Ritz last night it was interesting to note how many of the liveried servants were wearing armlets. From an aesthetic point of view it must be confessed they did not harmonise with the rest of the outfit—but then that point of view is not to be considered nowadays.

Sir George Pragnell's Feat.

Sir George Pragnell, who doesn't believe in half measures, and told *The Daily Mirror* he wanted an absolute blockade of Germany, will always be remembered as the man who, by his own efforts, found 15,000 recruits for the Territorial Force. The difficulties of this feat may be judged by the fact that his scheme necessitated that employers should guarantee their assistants three weeks' holiday yearly on the understanding that they spent a fortnight in camp.

2,000 Firms Agree.

As the result of a vigorous personal campaign, in which Sir George spared neither time nor money, nearly 2,000 well-known firms in London and the country gave an undertaking to allow their Territorial employees twenty-one days' holiday on full pay if fourteen days were passed in camp. No less than 98 per cent. underwent the full fortnight's training. And, one is inclined to think, that training has told in the past seventeen months.

Eloquence Unconfined.

"I see Sir Edward Carson has made a four days' speech in the Law Courts," observed Mr. Muswell Hill, looking over the top of his *Daily Mirror*. "Umph," commented his neighbour in the carriage, "that's no record. You should know my mother-in-law's powers of conversation."

The Story of Warsaw.

I have been reading the thrilling story of the stripping of Warsaw as told by my friend Mr. George Mewes in this month's "London Magazine." Mr. Mewes has been with the Russian Army ever since the war began as special photographic correspondent of *The Daily Mirror*, and he was one of the last men to leave Warsaw before the Germans entered. The story he tells of the way in which the city was gutted of everything likely to be of use to the enemy is remarkable, and his one desire in life now is to be with the Russians when they retake the city.

A Unique Match.

There is going to be great fun at the Eccentric Club tomorrow, and I am looking forward to seeing one of the most extraordinary billiards matches of the age there, when famous H. W. Stevenson is to play Mr. Jimmy Welch. The ex-champion is going to box in boxing-gloves and "Jimmy" in the full armour of his part in "When Knights Were Bold," using his sword as a cue. Wounded soldiers are to witness the match.

The Pointless Sword.

Mr. Stevenson told me yesterday that he had had to make a concession to Mr. Welch in this match and allow the point of the sword to be tipped as an ordinary billiard cue. "Frank," who controls the Eccentrics' billiard-room, is going to see to the "tipping."

Racing and Geography.

The fad for substituted names for abandoned races is not likely to freshen up our geography if the Windsor example becomes general. Many of us require a gazetteer to make sure whether the royal borough is in Berks or Bucks, and in the circumstances it is puzzling to bring the Lancashire Steeplechase from Manchester to Windsor without changing its name.

A Lingfield "Lincolnshire"?

It is quite possible that we shall see a "Lincolnshire" Handicap at Lingfield in the spring. The Lincoln meeting has not yet been officially abandoned, but it is sure to suffer the same fate as Liverpool. Lingfield certainly has the best claim to promote a substitute for the first big handicap, as the flat racing season probably will open there on March 29.

THE RAMBLER.

P. 503



Mr. H. W. Stevenson.

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YOU can halve the cost of every meal and gain extra nourishment as well if you will cultivate the soup habit—as the French do—and take it either as a separate first course or as a delightful addition to various appetising vegetable stews. It means that you eat less meat—it means that you NEED less meat.

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GATWICK 'CHASING.'

Double Event for Mr. F. A. Brown—Selections for To-day.

There was a capital attendance at Gatwick for the first day's racing at that rendezvous under "all road" conditions, despite the threatening weather. The going was on the soft side. There were fairly good fields and the sport was very interesting.

Mr. F. A. Brown had a double event with Talus in the Double Handicap Hurdle and Schoolmoney in the Steeplechase. The meeting will be continued to-day, selections from the afternoon's racing being appended.

12.30—SALVATION. 2.15—SAUCEPAN.

1. 0. TIP AND RUN. 2.45—AMB.—COOLGREEN.

1.45—COOLGREEN. CONFESSOR.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

AMBASSADOR and FATHER CONFESSOR. BOUVERIE.

GATWICK RACING RETURNS.

12.30—BURSTOW CHASE. 2m.—ABAKUR (3-1, Avila), 1; Le Vise (10-1); 2; Bouton (10-1). Also ran: Newy (1-8), Usury (5-1), King's Curse, Flatter and Alphonse (1-1).

1.0.—COULDSIDE HURDLE. 2m.—MINMASTER (3-1, J. Dillon), 1; Dublin Bay (3-1), Balbir (10-1); Indian God, Bath, Verney Wild Aster, Gold Vein, Whippoorwill, Cornucrescine and Kilkenny (10-0-8).

1.45—LAWRENCE'S HURDLE. 2m.—ALLEGRE PRIDE (100-8, R. Chadwick), 1; Valentine Maher (6-4), 2; Meridian (5-1). Also ran: Ten Hole (6-1), Platonic (10-16), Seville, Spanish Cottage Maiden, Dick Dunn and Red Sinner (100-8).

2.15—DOUBBLE H'CAP HURDLE RACE (Class 2), 2m.—TIP AND RUN (10-1), 1; Amb.—Coolgreen (10-1); Canute (2-1). Also ran: Grayling (9-2), Responsible (1-8), Bunch of Keys, Ann Siggs, Kyoto, Nightingale and Glazt (10-1).

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADEPHILE. A New Musical Play. **TINA.** To-day, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sats., at 2. **GODFREY PARTRIDGE.** PHYLIS DARE, GENE BERRY, EVELYN COOPER, ROBERT COOPER, etc. **MORE!** by Harry Grattan. Evgs., 2.30, Mat., Weds., Thurs. and Sat., at 2. **ARMED SONGS.** WILLY BRAYTON IN THE SPANISH MAIN. **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. Matinee, Mon., Weds., Thurs. and Sat., at 2. **COMEDY.** Arthur Q. Bryan (20th century laugh) **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.30. MATS., Mons., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., at 2. **SHELL OUT!** by Albert de Courville and Wallie. **THE NIGHT OF THE MAN.** **TO-DAY.** AT 2. **NIGHT OF THE COURT.** Sleasney. **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** **TO-DAY.** AT 2. **TO-NIGHT.** AT 8. **CRITERION.** COSTUME. **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. **DALY'S.** The George Edwardes Production. **TO-DAY.** The George Edwardes Production. **WINFIELD.** Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, C. M. Lowe, Lauri de Frece, Donald Calthrop and G. P. Hovey. **DRURY LANE.** **PASS IN BOOTS.** **TO-DAY.** AT 1.30 and 7.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Florence Smithson.

DUKE OF YORK'S. ALICE IN WONDERLAND. **TO-DAY.** AT 2.30. DRIFIELD AND THE PARADE. **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.30. MATS., Mons., Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., at 2. **GAINTER.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.30. **TO-NIGHT.** **THE NIGHT.** GEO. GROSSMITH and Gainty Co. **GARRICK.** Charing Cross-Rd. **(Last 2 performances.)** **TO-DAY.** AT 2. **WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS.**

CLOSE. Daily, 2.30. **EVE.** Weds., Thurs., Sats., 8.15. **SMITH MANNS.** OLYMPIA OF MY FAIR LADY. **HAYMARKET.** At 2.30 and 8.15. **WHO IS HE?** HENRY VINCENT. **MAT.** Weds., Thurs., Sats., 8.15. **THEATRE.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.30. **TO-NIGHT.** **THE MAN STAYS HOME.** DENNIS FADDIE. **TO-DAY.** Every Day, at 2.30 and WEDS., THURS. and SATS. **HALF-PAST FIVE.** **ST. JAMES.** Comedy. **THE BASKER.** by Clifford Miles. **PLAYHOUSE.** H. Grattan's Revue, "SAMPLES." **TO-DAY.** 2.30. **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** **SAFETY.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. **STOP THIEF.** DAILY, at 2.30 and Mons., Thurs. and Sats., at 8.15. **PERIOD HUTCHINS.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. **QUEEN'S.** A New Revue. **MAN IN THE MOON.** **TO-DAY.** Every Day, at 2.30. **(LAST 2 WEEKS.)** Evening Performance Every Friday and Saturday, at 8.15. **MAVOURNEEN.** **THE STARLIGHT EXPRESS.** DAILY, at 2.30 and Saturday Evenings, at 8.15. **LONDON COLISEUM.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and **LAST 2 performances.** **LYRIC.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. Matinee, Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. **QUEEN'S NARSES.** A. E. ANSON. **OPERA SEASON IN SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.** **TO-DAY.** at 2.30. **THE THREE TATES OF HOPE-MAN.** Prices, 10s. 6d. to 1s. Ger. 6666. **PALLADIUM.** Gigantic Success. **CINDERELLA.** HARRY WILDE, GENE COOPER, etc. **TO-DAY.** 2.30. Performers. **MATINEES** on **EVERY DAY.** at 2.15. **PLAYHOUSE.** H. Grattan's Revue, "SAMPLES." **TO-DAY.** 2.30. **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** **SAFETY.** **PRINCE OF WALES.** At 2.30 and 8.15. **STOP THIEF.** DAILY, at 2.30 and Mons., Thurs. and Sats., at 8.15. **PERIOD HUTCHINS.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. **SCALA THEATRE.** **TO-DAY.** and **LAST 2 WEEKS.** **7.30.** **GIANT.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.30. **BEAR IN LAND AND SEA.** OUR TROOPS IN FRANCE, WITH THE Allies, Navies, Cannons, Generals, etc. **TO-DAY.** to 10. **TO-NIGHT.** **ST. RAPHAEL.** **TO-DAY.** Every Day, at 2.30 and WEDS., THURS. and SATS. **HALF-PAST FIVE.** **ST. JAMES.** Comedy. **THE BASKER.** by Clifford Miles. **GEORGE ALEXANDER.** and GENEVIEVE WARDE. **SAFETY.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. **THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER.** by H. V. Vachell. Every Evening and Mats., Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. **SCALA THEATRE.** **TO-DAY.** and **LAST 2 WEEKS.** **7.30.** **GIANT.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.30. **BEAR IN LAND AND SEA.** OUR TROOPS IN FRANCE, WITH THE Allies, Navies, Cannons, Generals, etc. **TO-DAY.** to 10. **TO-NIGHT.** **ST. RAPHAEL.** **TO-DAY.** Every Day, at 2.30 and WEDS., THURS. and SATS. **HALF-PAST FIVE.** **MR. WILSON.** Every Evening at 8.30; curtain falls 10.45. **THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. **VAUDEVILLE.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. **THE PUPIL OF DREAMS.** **TO-DAY.** 2.30 and 8.15. "One of the cleverest, prettiest entertainments."—Referees. **WYNDHAM'S.** **AT 2.15 and 3.15.** **THE CAREY.** **TO-DAY.** **GERALD DU MAURIER.** and Marie Clark. **Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.15.**

ALHAMBRA. **Varieties.** **8.15.** **INCLUDE SEYMOUR HICKS,** Bobbie, Candy, etc. **BALLET.** **MONTE ROSS.** **"NOW'S THE TIME!"** **AT 9.40.** **ADELINE GENEE.** **J. F. McARDLE.** **Phyllis Monkman,** and Leo White. **SIR FREDERIC GOWAN.** **TO-DAY.** **7.30.** **JOHN LEWIS KELLOGG.** **HARRY TATE.** **BERTRAM BLUDS.** **GEORGE CARVEY.** **Yetta Rizani.** **Edna Morgan,** and Susan Beauty Curran. **PALACE.** **TO-DAY.** **7.30.** **INCLUDE GERTIE MILLAR.** **ARTHUR PLAYFAIR.** **GWENDOLYN BRODGREN.** **NELSON KEYS.** **TEDDIE GERARD.** **A. SIMON GIBRALTAR.** **TO-DAY.** **Varieties.** **8. MAT.** **WED., THURS., SAT.** **2.15.** **DOMESTIC ECONOMY EXHIBITION.** **TO-DAY.** **continued daily from 2 to 5 p.m.** Saturdays from 10 to 1. **ANTI-WASTE CAMPAIGN.** Foods for War-time. **PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS.** **TO-DAY.** **COOKING.** **TO-DAY.** **KITCHEN.** **French and Scotch Economy Demonstrations.** **ENTRANCE:** One Shilling. **INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE.** **Desertourist-st.** (Harley-st.), W.

PERSONAL.

FRIENDS Traced! Secrecy Inquired!—Rivers, 19, Regent-st., London.

CLAUDE. Many thanks for letter. All well—Wilde. D. L. G.—Keep all in heart. Calling—Same—M. Y. G.—Revisiting old scenes. Semper eadem. Trust. Love. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

THE DAILY MIRROR

NEWS ITEMS.

Now Munition Headquarters.

Within a fortnight the Hotel Metropole will be taken over by the Ministry of Munitions for administrative purposes.

Second-Lieutenant Dismissed.

Second-Lieutenant G. R. King, King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, is dismissed the service by sentence of a general court-martial, says last night's *Gazette*.

News of Brother Wanted.

Miss Elliott of Hillcrest, Newnhamside, Herts, recently sent news of her brother, Private F. Elliott, 15573, 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers, 86th Infantry Brigade, Mediterranean Expedition, who was last heard of on November 2.

Engineers Needed.

Recruits are urgently needed for the Royal Engineers Territorial Cadet Corps (2nd London Division); age fourteen to nineteen; height, 5ft. 2in. Apply Fridays 8 p.m., 25th County of London Headquarters, Putney Bridge, S.W.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

THE LEAGUE—Lancashire Section: Burnley v. Southport Central, Bolton Wanderers v. Rochdale, Liverpool v. Bury, Manchester City v. Everton, Preston North End v. Blackpool, Stockport County v. Manchester United, Stoke v. Oldham.

THE LEAGUE—Midland Section: Bradford v. Sheffield United, Derby County v. Huddersfield Town, Hull City v. Nottingham Forest, Notts County v. Grimsby Town, Sheffield Wednesday v. Bradford City.

LONDON COMBINATION—Brentford v. The Arsenal, West Ham v. Crystal Palace, Watford, Queen's Park Rangers v. Clapton Orient, Chelsea, Fulham.

SOUTHERN COMBINATION—Southampton v. Newport County, Cardiff City v. Bristol City.

FRIENDLY MATCHES—Portsmouth v. Reading, Bristol v. Barnsley, etc.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE—Aberdeen v. Partick Thistle, Hibernians v. Airdrieonians, Ayr United v. Queen's Park, Falkirk v. Dunfermline, Dundee v. Motherwell, Dundee United v. St. Mirren, Dundee United v. Raith Rovers, Falkirk, Hamilton Academicals v. Raith Rovers, Glasgow Rangers v. Kilmarnock.

Yesterday's billiards scores were:—Smith (receives 500 in 5000) 149, 6378; Rees, 5752.

Sergeant Zimmar (Hans Regiment) meets Billy Williams (Bethnal Green) in a ten rounds contest at the Ring this afternoon, and at night Sid Whatley and Billy Fry will meet in a similar contest.

Races for attested recruits will take place this afternoon. For North, North-west and West London recruits the meeting place is in the Royal Oak, Golden Square, or the Royal Oak, with the start at 2.30 p.m. for the Three Tuns at Blackheath. Each race is over a three miles course, and attested men desirous of competing must attend at 3.15 p.m., prepared with proof of attestation.

A REVELATION.—The delicious crispness, freedom from all trace of greasiness, and the perfect digestibility, only obtainable when ATORN's Best Tea is used for frying, has now been revealed. Sold in 1 lb. cartons 10d., 4 lb. cartons 5d. Ask your grocer for ATORN's tea blocks and refuse substitutes.—(Advt.)

CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM!

WONDERFUL TREATMENT. NEVER FAILS.

10 DAYS' TREATMENT FREE.

Here is good news for every Rheumatic sufferer. Not only has there been discovered a positive cure for the disease, but it is so simple, so safe, so inexpensive, that you can have it for 10 days' treatment free.

ONCE COSTLY—NOW FREE.

This wonderful discovery has hitherto been available only to a small proportion of sufferers, owing to its great cost. Thanks to the enterprise of a leading London firm, even the cost of the treatment is now so small that it can be given away.

Obtain a copy of our explanatory booklet. You will then understand why you have not been cured by other treatments. All you will see is how it is that this treatment cannot fail to cure you quickly and safely.

EVERY CASE CAN BE CURED.

Whether you have suffered for days or years, whatever form of rheumatism you may have, you can now be assured of a positive and lasting cure.

With the new treatment you will have the opportunity. A 10-days' course of a proved cure can just be like a holiday. Will you accept it? Post this card to-day, and we will send you a stamp to defray actual cost of postage, and write your name and address as clearly as possible.

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY!

COUPON FOR FREE 10 DAYS' COURSE

To Messrs. A. Richards & Co., Dept. 5, Cromwell House, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send me a 10-days' Free Course for Rheumatism, without charge or obligation. I enclose 2d. in stamps for actual cost of postage.

Name.....

Address.....

200 LANDMARKS THROUGHOUT LONDON and in the Suburbs and the Provinces.

WHEREVER you go, in all the main thoroughfares, in the City and the West End, in Theatreland and the Shopping Centres, you will find one of the

200 LYONS' TEASHOPS

Where you may test for yourself the virtues of LYONS' TEA served with LYONS' delicious Entrees, Pastries and Bread at popular prices.

THOUSANDS of cups of LYONS' TEA are served daily in these familiar white and gold-fronted shops—one of the most popular features of London. It's LYONS' TEA that fills the cheerful cup in countless British homes—more homes than any other blend can claim to reach. Why not enjoy this delicious beverage in YOUR home? Take home to-day a trial packet of

Lyons' Tea

IT IS SOLD EVERYWHERE BY 165,000 SHOPKEEPERS.

J. LYONS & CO., LTD., CADBY HALL, LONDON, W.



Younger Generals: By James Douglas, in the "Sunday Pictorial"

THE Khaki Woman. By
Horatio Bottomley, in the
"Sunday Pictorial." : : :

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

THE Blockade Scandal. By
Austin Harrison, in the
"Sunday Pictorial." : : :

NOMINATIONS AT MILE END: NEXT WEEK TO DECIDE GREAT ISSUE.

G. 119149.

P. 1100.

P 1100.



A German threat of a raid on London.

Nominations took place at Mile End yesterday, where Mr. Pemberton Billing, the air defence candidate, is contesting the seat against the official candidate, Mr. Warwick Brookes, who, following his opponent's example, has also said that he favours a better

organisation of our aerial defences. Eleven nomination papers were handed in for Mr. Pemberton Billing as against eight for Mr. Warwick Brookes. Polling takes place next Tuesday.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

TRIBUTE TO BERNHARDT.

P. 10V.



Floral tribute more than 8ft, high, which is to be presented to Mme. Sarah Bernhardt to-night.

FATAL MOTOR SKID.

P. 18507.



Air-Mechanic C. E. Beard, killed as the result of a motor-car skid



How a stableman in the employ of Duller, the trainer, spent part of his leave.

WASHING DOWN THE DECK AFTER COALING.

G. 1514.



There is keen competition among his Majesty's ships to create coaling records, and some wonderful times have been made.